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PHILOSOPHY A FABLE.

Deep in the heart of a piney glen
That streak'd with hollow gloom the barren glen
Of frozen hills, a faint, far-off, far-off
Saw'd at the heart of greedy guides: who there
Watch'd for the coming of adventurous men,
Their dimpled, eager, but not to be
Their cloud and cold, past reach of human ken,
A belt, to walk alone they did not dare
In the lone land, full many such there be:
Experience guides them, but exacts her fee.

And to that solitary inn one day
A pilgrim from the darkening hills did wend
The travelers, by the single narrow way
That edged the valley to the valley's end,
As when they saw above them, in a gray
Aren of mist, the pathless peaks extend,
Behind whose snows their onward journey lay
The night below where, as they supped together,
They talk'd of the return and of the weather.

About the road the guides (exhibiting
Their patents by the Burgo-master sign'd)
Exp'd to many an anxious questioning
With knowledge and with wit, and with
Upon that point I'll not permit to such
As doubt or chide, and I'll not let you find,
The guide-by-fate assigned you (church or king,
Or crew or school, with deference due to mind,
If he will, he will not miss your way,
Where I who go unguided go astray.

But as regards the weather, it was not
By means of patents which the state provides
To certify if such or such a day
Or cold upon the morrow. And, besides,
Afore asking an unkind question,
Authority was taken. The guides,
Press'd upon this point, would vouchsafe no jot
Of explanation. The pilgrim, however,
To traveling lovers, so devout were they,
Each understood them in a different way.

The first one, therefore, of those travelers three
Was intent on to understand the code:
The second fear'd the man's excess; and he
His feet rest'd in the fellow-pilgrim's hold.
The third, mistaking the utility
Of the whole enterprise, and being less bold,
Chaf'd at the indifference of the guides,
Went onward by a way which he was told,
Though three as long, could be more safely
Wended; slumming the mountain his two friends ascended.

And so they parted: one along the guide,
Along the other two, with stiff and glaid,
To the steep hills, and the other two, with
In the neat hotel on the other side,
The two who were to be the mountain tops had 'em
Their arduous course, arrived their first; but
The third

Seven by the adventure, each was fair
There, with exhausted forces, to abide
A while, and then to start on their way,
Got there at last before the two were gone.

These two had cross'd the mountain, so they said,
Each by a road as different as could be,
Each with their guides, and each with a patent
By these a government, could not agree.
On the same road. This was his own guide led
By his own way; yet in the same home
The two ways were so difficult to tread,
That with the luck of the mountain, each
That way, wherever, when the goal he won,
Was just as weary as the other one.

Footless that both road, read with bleeding feet,
The man who by his own way from the cold
Had suffer'd all his journey from the heat;
He had at starting his warm coat had sold
Was nearly frozen by the heat of the
Yet each, despite the woful tale he told,
And that man who could not come
With the mysterious splendors round him roll'd
In solemn rapture by the mighty hills,
Which, seen and felt, were a thousand miles.

And all this had they seen and felt; had seen
The sudden sunrise burst from underneath,
And with rays of ruddy summer heat,
Had felt the sun, shared the radiant warmth,
Of the blithe spirit that dances in the sheren
Of the somnolent forest; felt the breath
Of life grow golden, breath'd in haste between
The cold wide open arms of watchful death,
The slippery path, and the mountain's side,
To them the plain seemed pitifully flat.

The less adventurous traveler, while his two
Gain'd companions told their story,
Gazed on the scene, and felt the sun's new,
And he felt comfortably soled and stout;
The two with a light and cheerful countenance
The flagon to him, turn'd his chair about,
Lighted his pipe, three times deliberate he toid,
And, like a man who in his own doubt,
He crossed his legs, and clear'd his throat, and said:
"All's well that ends well, as in books I read."

"And we, methinks, must content, we three,
With the road, and the mountain, and the sun,
We'll all together just as well, you see,
As if we'll have the same old story,
You two have traversed hither unknown to me;
From missing these, I miss the pains you say
The pleasures of the mountain, and the sun,
From aches and bruises; have no bills to pay
For doctors' stuff; have saved my baggage, too;
And, though admiring, do not envy you."

"A finer rapture felt through every vein,
A wider prospect, and a purer air,
Of which I wish to share the same old story,
Were yours, and now you mourn because you
Are not."

What he saw no level ground, can feel again
What I, who have not ever mounted there,
Saw felt at all. For of the common plain,
I know the common path, 'twas mine to share
The joys of common life, by contrast spoil'd
For those who through untrodden realms have
Toiled."

"And long will you dispute, nor ever agree,
Which way was best, and which was the way,
Even as your guides, of whom each boasts that he
Found out the only right one. I content
To let the beaten track, at least, be free,
From all such doubts; and, having felt the heat
Of the common path, 'twas mine to share
No guide I needed, my way was made for me;
Of other footsteps arrived as guides to mine,
And show'd me where to sleep and where to dine."

"So compensation is made to each,
There's something better, born of something
Worse,
In every case; and different men may reach
In this accommodating universe,
By different ways the self same end. To breach
All barriers, but by different means, is
To hold and brave; but bones of heroes bleach
In waiting camps, and the same old story,
On mountain tops, which men who cannot climb
May turn by ways more safe, if less sublime."

Full half of access is Philosophy;
A mountain region, and a gray,
Innumerable guides across it try
To reach the summit, each by a different way,
Though boasting the same name and authority.
The highest climber must at last, some day,
From their high climbing, climb their way so high,
Descend into the common plain; where they
By lower ways had won the wisher's goal.

For he, perchance, makes way in life at last
Who doth to turn life's obstacles contrive
As things that he cannot surmount as fast
As they who stoutly to overcome them strive.
The pleasant roaming over summits vast,
And, after all, philosophers must live
Here on the plain where man's low life is pass'd,
And in the sundown all at length arrive,
Whether the road that men who please us best,
Recoil, or booties, as the Traveler's Rest,
—The Traveler's Companion.

love verses quite different, and I balked

at the first two lines—
"My heart is yours, oh Sararann Crumbe I
Long to speak to thee—how dumb."
That was, in my opinion werry neat as
far as it went, but it didn't go fur
enough. But at last she seemed more
friendly like, and I told her about Aunt
Berlinder and the fortin' and the soap
business.
"I've quite a snug little shop of my
own," sez she, "only I'm werry lonely."
Then she giv me one of them melin'
loiks with her eyes that seem to make a
fellow's heart jest simmer down into
jelly like.
But I plucked up courage to say, "It's
yer own fault, mum, if you're alone. A
charmin' young woman like you must
ave 'ad loads of chances for gettin' a
companion."
"Oh, I'm afraid you're a flatterin',
Mr. Stokes," she says, a smiling up at
me, so I couldn't help steppin' my arm
around her waist—well, it didn't go 'alf
round, you know—and sayin', "Well, if
you never 'ad a chance before, what do
you say to takin' me for better or wuss?
I'm sure you won't find it wuss."
She didn't move away from my arm a
bit. She just looked at me with them
black eyes, and says she, "Oh, Handrew!
I'm lever thin!" And then—it was
pretty dark on deck, so I took her in my
arms—that is, as much as I could of her
—and stole a kiss for to seal the engage-
ment.
After that, you know, the days slipped
away like magic. She was a woner to
talk, she was; she had, in fact, the gift
of the gab werry galopin'. But she
seemed rather shy about permittin' any
one to ask her questions. "I don't want
no one to make a spectacle of myself,"
she sez, "I don't care if we make
a pair of spectacles," sez I; and then I
wondered if it was her oncomon com-
pulsion as made her averse to squeezes,
as them stout parties had difficulty in
getting their breath at the best of times,
and I thought after we was married I'd
try and coax her into takin' ani-fat, or
some of them advertised things as say
they have given folks a view of their own
shoe-strings as 'adn't 'ad the pleasure of
contemplatin' 'em for twenty years. So
I 'ad to be contented with a squeeze in
her 'and, which, queer enough, was
slim, and long, and quite thin.
"You 'adn't never seem to belong
to yer, Sararann," sez I, one day.
"No, it belongs to you," she sez, with
a quick look and a smile.
"I know it, my love, but I mean it's
not like the rest of you," it's thin, but
you're not at all," she sez.
"Oh, ain't you?" sez I, with a little
feelin' of relief, I must confess, 'cos she
was a little too much so, and I didn't
want a wife as Baruum would be covetin'
for his show.
"No, it's the sea voyages as does it,"
she says, quite bewitchin'. "Perhaps
you don't love me as much when I git
thin."
"Oh, I'm yours through thick and
thin!" I makes answer. "There's no
chugin' in Andrew Stokes, my dear."
I noticed, however, that Sararann was
not altogether easy in her mind. I began
to be afraid as there was another feller
in the background or somethin', and I
pressed her to name the boy. But she
was werry firm on that point.
"You must wait till we're on land,"
she says, "I feel that nervous while I'm
on the water I can't settle nothin'. Wait
till we're safe on land."
So I waited. It was a hot day enough
when we were in sight, and I really pitied
poor Sararann, she felt it so, with so
much flesh on her. She was that fluster-
ed I couldn't keep up with her, and
actilly, she scarcely waited for the plank
to be put down before she stepped
ashore. I was hurryin' after her, when
I saw her stopped by two strappin' fel-
lers. I couldn't hear what they said, but
I know jealousy was like a vulture tear-
in' at my vitals, I saw her throw up her
hands, and then I seemed to 'ear her cry
"Handrew!" But before I got near 'er
she 'ad disappeared as if the earth 'ad
opened an' swallowed 'er up.
You can fancy the feelin's of a fellow
as sees 'is sweetheart swallowed before
his wistery eyes. I tore around here and
there, and asked questions of everybody
in a wild way.
At last a Custom 'Ouse officer stopped
and eyed me a moment.
"A stout party?" sez he.
"Oh, yes, a stout lady," I answered,
pantin' 'er up to the Custom 'Ouse.
"I don't say you're her pardner!" sez he.
"I can't mind confessin' I'm goin' to
be," sez I, givin' him a wink.
"Oh, come now, none of that," sez
he, quite stern. "We're incorruptible,
as you'll find. An' if you're goin' to be
her pardner, I've a word to say to you.
Just come in here."
An' if the fellow didn't take me by
the arm as if I was a prisoner, an' he
walked me into an inside office. I 'adn't
more than got in when I see another
Custom 'Ouse fellow coming out, an'
behind 'im came a long, lanky beakpole
of a female, with 'er clothes 'agin' like
bags on 'er arms. But, an' that dress!
Specially, I knew that garnet merino with
the yellow trimmin's an' that 'at with
yellow feather, an' the lace shawl—I
felt as if I 'ad got among magic! An'
when I saw Sararann's own face at the
top of this lanky picture, I sez to the
officer, "Punch me, or stick a pin in me,
for I believe I'm crazy or drunk. Who
is this woman?"
"Why, you said you was 'er pardner,"
says he, with a grin. "She's a smuggler
—a first-class one! She's an old stager,
she is, an' they're a takin' 'er off to
prison, an' you bein' 'er pardner 'as got
to be searched likewise."
At that moment the strange-lookin' fe-
male caught sight of me.
"Oh, Handrew!" she cried. "Thank
'eavens, you are 'ere! Save me—save me!"
But I didn't care a bit. I looked stern.
My blood was bilin'.
"Woman," sez I, without flinchin',
"I never knew you. You base deceiver! she
screamed. "An' you said you'd love
me through thick and thin!"
"But this is too thin!" says I. "Oh,
Sararann, this is much too thin!"
An' so she was hustled off, an' I was
searched, but as nothin' contraband was
found on me I was let free. An' I then
saw the stout party again or the thin one
either. An' I got my eye-teeth cut that
time for no female ever bamboozled me
again!

HUMOROUS SKETCHES.

He Seemed to Know Him.
"Do you see that man over in the cor-
ner?" said an excited individual rushing
into a friend's office.
"Yes."
"Do you know him?"
"Never saw him before in my life. Do
you know him?"
"No, I don't, and that's what makes
me mad."
"What's the matter?"
"He called me a liar."
"Why, how did he get acquainted
with you?"
"He never did. Didn't I just say I
never—?" Something in the friend's face
stopped him suddenly, and he went out
like a flash and hasn't been back since.
—Merchant-Traveler.

Seeking a Fortune in the West.
"My dear," said a father to his
daughter, "how long ago was it that
George Jackson went West to seek his
fortune?"
"Just a year," the girl replied with a
blush.
"Was there anything between you and
George?" sometimes thought he was
fond of you."
"He was, papa," and the girl hid her
face on the old man's shoulder. "I prom-
ised George when he went away that I
would wait for him for years if neces-
sary."
"I have a letter from him."
"Oh, papa!" she exclaimed. "Does
he—has he—oh, tell me, what does he
say?"
"He wants twenty dollars to get home
with."—New York Sun.

A Difficult Problem.
Mrs. Blank is a rather young woman
with a rather aged husband. He is a sci-
entist who spends most of his time in
obtuse speculation, although the neigh-
bors say he is compelled to do most of
the work about the house. This view of
the case was recently strengthened by
what a lady visitor saw. The wife of
the scientist was at home and greeted
the visitor cordially, who responded:
"How do you do? I am glad to see
you looking so well. And how is your
husband?"
"He is quite well," replied the wife
of the scientist. "He is in his study
engaged in solving some difficult mathe-
matical problems."
"Just at this moment the voice of the
scientist was heard from the kitchen:
"I've got through grinding coffee."
What shall I do next?—Siftings.

Nearly as Lively as Baseball.
"Smithers, did you ever play lawn-
tennis?"
"No, Brown-Jones, you know I don't
go in for any of those easy games. I
play baseball and lacrosse and football,
and games of that sort."
"Yes, but tennis isn't easy."
"Oh, rubbish! Why, women play
tennis."
"Well, you just come down to the
court and try a game with me."
"Well, if you want to see what an ath-
lete I will do with your namby-pamby
game, I'll come."
Smithers smiled disdainfully at the
racket that was handed him.
"I couldn't miss a ball with that
thing, could I?"
"No," replied Brown-Jones.
Brown-Jones served a hot overhead
cut, and Smithers made a swipe that
didn't come within a foot of it.
"One strike!" he yelled.
"Fifteen—love," said Brown-Jones.
"What do you mean by that?"
"That's a point for me."
"Oh."
Brown-Jones served again. This time
Smithers caught the ball terrific right-
hander, and sent it whizzing into the
next town.
"Whoop! Home run!" he shouted.
"What's that?"
"Another point for me."
"Oh."
Brown-Jones served again. Smithers
returned it. Brown-Jones cut it diagon-
ally over the net and close behind it.
Smithers made a rush and a swipe. He
struck the ground with his racket, broke
it off at the handle, pitched head-
first into the net, and wrapped himself
up in it while one of the strokes ran into
his mouth and knocked seven of his
teeth into the innermost recesses of his
being.
"Say, Brown-Jones," he said, when he
had collected himself and found out
who he was: "this game is blamed near
as lively as baseball."—Puck.

Had a "Daisy."
"Come out through the back way and
see my daisy!" he chuckled as he rubbed
his hands together.
"What's gone into the funeral flowers
business on your own account? Yes,
after all, why not? Under the circumstances,
as well furnish the flowers as the coffin."
"Come on. There—how does that
strike you?"
"That's a hearse—a new one."
"But it's the daisy I was speaking of.
Isn't she spic-span and shiny?"
"Yes, indeed."
"I should smile. It lays over anything
of the sort in this town, and don't you
forget it! Get in and lie down and let
me bob the springs to show how easy it
rides."
"No, thank you."
"You go on! There's points about a
hearse the public ought to know. Get
up on the driver's seat."
"Excuse me, but I prefer a family car-
riage."
"Oh, pshaw! but you are too thin-
skinned. Just notice these springs. I
tell you it will be a positive pleasure to
ride above 'em. The dish of those wheels
is absolutely perfect, and such a finish!"
"Yes, very nice hearse."
"You bet! Say, it will be a proud hour
in my life when I hitch a span of white
horses to that vehicle and prance around
to the house of the late deceased.
Lands! but won't the other and artaker
look blue! Say, feel of these curtains—
pure silk!"
"I'll take your word for it."
"Go on, now! Hang it, but when an
undertaker puts up his cash for at regular
daisy like this you newspaper fellows
ought to encourage him. Just remember
that the old-fashioned way of carrying a
body around in a lumber wagon and then
gaze at this! Just notice how these rear
doors open to admit the coffin."
"Very handy."
"Handy! Why, man, it's superb!

FOR FEMININE READERS.

Beautiful at Four Score.
And old lady over eighty years of age,
and who was once a great beauty, died
recently in Paris, leaving after her a
diary in which she endeavors to show up
the alleged vanity of women. From the
age of twenty to thirty she spent three
hours a day at her toilet, which foots up
for the period one year ninety-one days
and six hours employed in dressing her
hair, powdering her cheeks and painting
her lips. From thirty to fifty the toilet
labors amounted to five hours a day, the
extra hours being consecrated to cover-
ing up the tracks of time, including the
obliteration of crows' feet and other
necessary filling in and grading. Time,
four years and forty days. After fifty
her efforts had to be redoubled. To the
last she resisted the effects of time.
—Chicago Herald.

How Ladies Should Ride.
The horsewoman should sit so that the
weight of the body falls exactly in the
center of the saddle, without heavily
bearing on the stirrup, able to grasp the
upright pomel with the right knee, and
press against the "hunting horn" with
her left knee, yet not exerting any mus-
cular effort. To realize its likeness, one
ought to recall its form a quarter of a
century back.—Magazine of Art.

Fashion Notes.
Fashion inclines to large parasols.
Double skirts are seen on new dresses.
Lace parasols in all colors are sel lom
lined.
Jettied parasols are both novel and ele-
gant.
Old-fashioned sprigged muslins are in
style again.
Wrappers of linen lawn are shown for
midsummer.
Thin veilings make the prettiest of
summer dresses.
Madras scarfs of brilliant tints will be
used as hat trimming.
Limousines mixed with plain goods
make very lovely toilets.
White nua's veiling remains in favor
as nice dresses for misses.
Doilies of fine guipure lace are pre-
ferred instead of heavier materials for
sun-uses.
Wedgewood designs in table ware are
again popular and in much demand in
this country.
Poppy red and blue serge jackets will
be worn on morning walks with muslin
and cotton dresses.
Plaid sash ribbons and Roman striped
gauze scarfs make gay trimmings for
children's shade hats.
Velvet bonnet-traces are being laid
aside for those of lace and gauze stuffs,
and especially gauze ribbons.
High, full bodices of lace over a low
bodice of colored silk are very much
adopted for small receptions.
The little drawn muslin hats, which
were formerly only worn by children, are
worn by ladies as garden hats this sea-
son.
Byron collars of solid jet, with two
scarfs of beaded net to tie below the
throat, are shown to wear with black
dresses.
Blue flannel and red flannel dresses are
made for girls' country and traveling
suits; they have knit skirts and sailor
collars.
Tunics, polonaises and every kind of
drapery used for figured materials are
equally adapted for flowered lawns and
cambrics.
Many beautiful pattern dresses of
Swiss embroidery are much improved by
being made over a colored slip of cam-
bric or silk.
Jettied zouave jackets, very short and
beaded in small designs, are worn over
waists of house dresses of black silk,
satin or surah.
Mantles are shorter than they ever have
been, and are little more than shoulder
capues with a narrow part of the front
lengthened like a mantilla.
Pretty white muslin and linen lawn
dresses for misses are made with a fitted
basque that is worn with a belt of velvet
ribbon that has a bow on the side.
A tucked skirt is in good style for
soft, thin woollens, and should be made
in lengthwise tucks for older ladies, and
in horizontal tucks for young ladies and
misses.
Flannel, while making a good dress
for long tramps in the mountains, also
for yachting suits, is not suitable for a
traveling dress because it catches the
dust so easily.
Braiding is so much in vogue that
even for midsummer, for traveling and
for the seaside, small wraps of army blue
cloth will be worn entirely covered with
braiding in black mohair braid of several
widths.
Very rich black dresses for the sum-
mer are made of China crepe embroi-
dered or brocaded for the skirt, while the
overdress is made of lace, either entirely
of piece lace, or of lace flounces formed
with lengthwise stripes of the alternate
bands of plain crepe or of watered
silk.

THE IRONY OF TIME.

If we could resurrect the years again
When life is on the wane—
—so we could learn by many a bitter truth
The value of our youth
—and the inexorable hand of time
Has harvested our prime.
How we should drain from every flower we
meet
The last drop of its sweet!
We scorn the present hour and strive to bor-
row
Some foretaste of the morrow;
The morrow has its sorrow and the pain
Of hopes deferred again;
So waste the years till age, dejected, stands
Desolate, with empty hands.
—Pilgrims on paths our fathers trod before
We trace their footsteps o'er
On every height, in every vale we meet
Signs of their toiling feet
Gashed on the rock and wounded by the
thorn
Where we are stung and torn,
What was it that they sought? Oh, burning
eyes!
Fixed on low western skies,
The beaming shapes that seem so fair to
you
Wear the same dazzling lure
That lured the Vikings through tempestuous
seas
By-ond the Hebrides,
Toward purple isles of peace and golden
lands,
To die on freezing strands.
Time has no previous treasure stored away
Beyond our grasp to-day;
Earth has no secret garden of delight
Hid from our aching sight.
Too late we learn the humble highway flower
Is life's best gift and aid to down-
The light that kindles in meek, maiden eyes
Is love's divined quest;
Too late! too late we find there is no more
On any sea or shore
Than those rich offerings we have over-
threw
Pursuing the unknown,
Nor any road by which we can attain
Youth's vanished grace again.
—Charles L. Hildreth, in New York World.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

There's no flour in the idler's loaf.
The mouse a woman never fears—A
moustache.
"Were you a bull or a bear?" asked an
acquaintance of a speculator. "Neither,"
he replied, "I was an ass."—Burlington
Free Press.
The almanac has its uses. Without it,
it would be almost impossible to distin-
guish spring from winter or winter from
spring.—Boston Transcript.
And now the watermelon green,
In market stalls attracts the eye;
The doctor with a smiling mien
Regards it as he passes by.
"The Northwest lumber resources
have decreased twenty-five per cent. in
the last year." The supply of block-
heads, however, keeps right up with the
demand.
A Wisconsin man was reported as
"murdered" when the word should have
been "married." But the distinction was
so slight that the proof-reader let it pass.
—Boston Post.
You can find a man who enjoys break-
ing in new boots a good deal easier than
you can converse with a woman who
wouldn't stop eating pie to kiss a baby
any t'me.—Chicago Ledger.
The Jones and the Browns, 'tis true, a goodly
showing make;
But you'll agree our family from them can
"take the cake."
Yet should you chance to doubt the fact and
reckon it by ways of sixes,
Just look in the directory and find the name
of Smith.
"I have here a letter directed to the
prettiest woman in the house," an-
nounced the president of a woman's
convention. Four reporters on the front
seat were trampled to death in the rush
for the speaker's stand.
Asking too much—A man applied at a
house in San Antonio for aid. "You
should go to work and earn a living,"
was the indignant reply. "Go to work!"
It isn't bad enough that I am so poor
that I have to beg, and here you come
and want me to work beside."—Sif-
tings.
"What and When to Eat" is the title
of an article in an exchange. This is a
subject on which we are posted. The
"when" never gave us any trouble in all
our eating, but the "what" was a work-
ing around after the "what."—Newman In-
dependent.

THE MERRY MAIDEN.
The seakins sash, that erst with pride she
wore,
Is now in campus safely laid away,
And from the sultry city to the shore
With pleasure hastes the maiden fair and
gay.
In linen, lawn, or muslin, or pique,
And ribbons at her throat, a vision fair,
Along the yellow sands where waves play
She passes slowly, with a penive air,
Creating havoc 'mong the hearts of mash-
ers there.
—Boston Courier.

Call a girl a chick, and she smiles;
Call a woman a hen, and she howls.
Call a young woman a witch, and she is
pleased; call an old woman a witch, and
she is indignant. Call a girl a kitten,
and she rather likes it; call a woman a
cat, and she'll hate you. Queen sex, isn't
it?—Red Bluff (Cal.) News.
"Say not that the day of disinterested
benevolence has vanished. We know of
a man who has the rheumatism, which
has treated him in the most cruel man-
ner, and yet there is no end to the things
that man has done for that rheumatism,
and he still continues in the same un-
selfish course."—Boston Transcript.

FIGURATIVE ASTRONOMY.
Astronomy is 1 derful
And interesting, 2
The orb's walks around the sun
Which makes a year 4 you.
The moon is dead and calm,
By laws of physics 6 great;
It's 7 where the stars alive
Do nightly scintill 8.
If watchful Providence be 9
With good in 10 tions freight
Did not keep up, its grand design
We soon would come to 0.

**Astronomy is 1 derful,
But it's 2 derful
I'm 2 grass, and that's why
I'd better say no more.**
—N. C. Dodge

THAT STOUT PARTY.

Aunt had left me a good deal of
property, and it was while on a journey
from Liverpool to New York to look
at the same that I fell in with the
stout party.
Her name was Crumbe—Sararann
Crumbe—an odd sort of name it seemed
for a young woman of her size; for she
was a stout party, and no mistake, and
queer enough, if she didn't seem to git
crazier every day. I watched her so
closely I seemed I could see 'er a-weller's
wink before my werry eyes. But I was
either a fool or a deceiver under that 'ere
spell as makes fools of us all some time
or other. I even begun to write a poem
to her, so you may know as I was pretty
desperate. I'd written advertisin' rhymes
about our soap, you know, but I found